



The Sign of the Mistletoe

by Edwin L. Sabin



WHERE is the Sign of the Mistletoe?
Out in the hall where the lights burn low.
There—in the shade of the Christmas tree.
Here—with nobody near to see.

What is the Sign of the Mistletoe?
A sprig of green and some berries? No!
Two red lips and a tilted nose;
Two bright eyes and two cheeks of rose.

What are the rates at the Mistletoe?
For him that is given admittance—oh,
'Tis only a matter (they say) of trade
'Twixt lips of a man and the lips of a maid.



Old
Good-byes
&
Howdy-do's

THE OLD good-byes and howdy-do's!
Now *there's* a theme to tax your muse
An' make it switch from tears t' smiles
An' back again to tears, the whiles;
No polished rhyme, but jist a strain
As soft an' low as Apurl rain,
That sings "good-bye" to kith an' kin—
Then change your tune t' Home Agin!

Oh, who can dream the sort o' rhyme
That sheds the tears of leaven' time?—
Good-bye t' mother, smuched with dough—
The stanchest friend you'll ever know!
To home, to trees, the huntin' pup,
An' crimson ramblers climbin' up
To twist around the heart of you,
An' tighter than they *ever* do!

An' sing it soft an' low to fit
The partin' an' the pain of it!
To fit the way a feller feels
When ol' familiar places steals
Apast him on the wagon road—
The boyhood spots he's allus knowed!
An' make the tear that's in his eye
To rhyme a feller's last "good-bye."

Then chuck a faster tempo in
To sing a feller Home Again!
Back home again where he was riz
An' orter staid, as sayin' is!
His mother's greetin', father's too,
An' friends an' naybors' "Howdy-do!"
The extra chair an' table set,
That mother's keepin' for him yet!

You poet chaps! You set an' dream,
An' seem t' think the only theme
That people like is in the skies!
Set down by me an' drop your eyes—
Ease off a while an' git your tine
In perfeck pitch an' tune with mine,
Then try a sort o' keerless muse
On "ol' Good-byes an' Howdy-do's."

—John D. Wells



'Tis the Season to be Jolly

The newly married couple had gone West to live and as the Christmas season drew nigh she became homesick.

"Even the owls are different here," she sighed.

"And how is that?" he asked.

"Here they say 'To-hoot-to-who,' and in Boston they say 'To-hoot-to-whom.' "



Little Lucy had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Christmas dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick.

Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment she said, *"Well give me anuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."*